

## Kindergarten

## P.N.E.U. CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

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The admirable article which appears in the last and the current number of the *Parents' Review*, under the title of "The Briton of the Future: How shall we Train Him," while it enlists our warmest sympathy, yet raises in our minds a serious question. "I unhesitatingly say that the Kindergarten (as its founder Froebel meant it to be) is the only rational method of training our infants, forming their character, and preparing them for future life," says the author; and, as by publishing this statement we would seem to endorse it, it becomes necessary to enter our caveat. We, too, reverence Froebel. Many of his great thoughts we share; we cannot say borrow, because some, like the child's relations to the universe, are at least as old as Plato; others belong to universal practice and experience, and this, as the writer in question properly observes, shows their psychological rightness. Froebel gathered diffused thoughts and practice into a system, but he did a greater thing than this. He raised an altar to the enthusiasm of childhood upon which the flame has never since gone out.

The true *Kindergärtnerin* is the artist amongst teachers; she is filled with the inspiration of her work, and probably most sincere teachers have caught something from her fervour, some sense of the beauty of childhood, and of the entralling delight of truly educational work.

And yet we enter a caveat. The first care of the P.N.E.U. is to preserve the individuality, give play to the personality of children. Now *persons* do not grow in a garden, much less in a greenhouse. It is a doubtful boon to a person to have conditions too carefully adapted to his needs. The exactly due sunshine and shade, pruning and training, are good for a plant whose uses are subordinate, so to say, to the needs and pleasures of its owner. But a person has other uses in the world, and we believe that mother or

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teacher, who regards him as a plant, and herself as the gardener, will only be saved from grave mistakes by the force of human nature in herself and in her child. We think that the notion of supplementing Nature from the cradle is a dangerous one. A little guiding, a little restraining, much reverent watching, Nature asks of us; but beyond that, we believe it is the wisdom of parents to leave children as much as may be to Nature, and "to a higher Power than Nature itself"

Those of us who have watched an urchin of seven making Catherine wheels down the length of a street, or a group of little girls dancing to a barrel organ, or small boys and girls on a door-step giving what Dickens calls "dry nourishment" to their babies, or a small girl sent by her mother to make four careful purchases out of sixpence and bring home the change—are not ready to believe that physical, mental and moral development waits, so to speak, upon Kindergarten teaching. Indeed ~~we are~~ inclined to question whether, in the interest of carrying out a system, the charming Kindergärtnerin is not in danger sometimes of greatly undervaluing the intelligence of her children. ~~We~~ know a person of three who happened to be found by a caller alone in the drawing room. It was spring, and the caller thought to make himself entertaining with talk about the pretty baalams. But a pair of big blue eyes were fixed upon him and a solemn person made this solemn remark, "Isn't it a dwefful howid thing to see a pig killed!" We hope she had never seen or even heard of the killing of a pig, but she made as effective a protest against twaddle as would any woman of Society. Boers and kopjes, Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe, the fight of Thermopylae, Ulysses and the Suitors—these are the sorts of things that children play at by the month together; even the toddlers of three and four will hold their own manfully with their brothers and sisters. And, if the little people were in the habit of telling how they feel, we should learn perhaps that they are a good deal bored by the nice little games in which they frisk like lambs, flap their fins, and twiddle their fingers like butterflies.

"But," says the reader, "children do all these things so pleasantly and happily in the Kindergarten!" It is a curious thing about human nature that we all like to be managed by

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persons who take the pains to play on our amiabilities. Even a dog can be made foolishly sentimental; and, if we who are older have our foibles in this kind, it is little wonder that children can be wooed to do anything by persons whose approaches to them are always charming. It is true that "W.V.," the child whom the world has been taught to love, sang her Kindergarten songs with the little hands waving in the "air so blue"! but that was for the delectation and delusion of the elders when bedtime came. "W.V." had greater thoughts at other times. There are still, we believe, Kindergartens where a great deal of twaddle is talked in song and story, where the teacher conceives that to make poems for the children herself and to compose tunes for their singing and to draw pictures for their admiration, is to fulfil her function to the uttermost. The children might echo Wordsworth's complaint of "the world," and say, the teacher is too much with them, late and soon. Everything is directed, expected, suggested. No other personality out of book, picture, or song, no not even that of Nature herself, can get at the children without the mediation of the teacher. No room is left for spontaneity or personal initiation on their part.

Most of us are misled by our virtues, and the entire zeal and enthusiasm of the Kindergartnerin is perhaps her stone of stumbling. "But the children are so happy and good!" Precisely; the home-nursery is by no means such a scene of peace, but we venture to think it a better growing place. We are delighted to see that an eminent Frobelian protests against the element of personal magnetism in the teacher; there is, or has been, a good deal of this element in the successful Kindergartner, and we all know how we lose vigour and individuality under this sort of influence; but, even apart from this element of charm, we doubt if the self-adjustingness of life in the Kindergarten is good for children.

We believe that the world suffered that morning when the happy name of "Kindergarten" suggested itself to the greatest among the educational "Fathers." No doubt it was simple and fit in its first intention as meaning an out-of-door garden life for the children; but a false analogy has hampered, or killed, more than one philosophic system:—the child became a plant in the well ordered garden. The analogy appealed to the orderly, scientific, German mind which does not

much approve of irregular, spontaneous movement in any sort. Culture, due stimulus, sweetness and light became the chief features of a great educational code. From the potting-shed to the frame and thence to the flower-bed, the little plant gets in due proportion what is good for him. He grows in a seemly way, in ordered ranks; and in due season puts forth his flower.

Now, to figure a person by any analogy whatsoever is dangerous and misleading, because there is nothing in nature commensurable with a person. Because the analogy of the garden plant is very attractive it is the more misleading; manifestations of purpose in a plant are wonderful and delightful, but in a person such manifestations are simply normal. The outcome of any thought is necessarily moulded by that thought, and to have a cultivated garden as the ground plan of our educational thought, either means nothing at all, which it would be wronging the Master to suppose, or it means undue interference with the spontaneous development of a human being.

To begin with the "Mother-games," a sweet conception, most lovingly worked out. But, let us consider; the infant is exquisitely aware of every mood of his mother, the little face clouds with grief or beams with joy in response to the expression of hers. The two left to themselves have rare games. He jumps and pulls, crows and chuckles, crawls and kicks and gurgles with joy; and, amid all the play, is taught what he may *not* do. Hands and feet, legs and arms, fingers and toes, are continually going while he is awake, mouth, eyes and ears are agog. All is play without intention, and mother plays with baby as glad as he; and nature sits quietly by and sees to it that all the play is really work, and development of every sort is going on at a greater rate during the first two years of life than at any like period of after life—enough development and not too much, for baby is an inordinate sleeper. Then comes in the educator and offers a little more. The new games are so pretty and taking that baby might as well be doing these as his own meaningless and clumsy jumpings and pappings. But a real labour is being put upon the child in addition to the heaviest two-years' work that his life will know. His sympathy with his mother is so acute that he perceives something strenuous



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in the new play, notwithstanding all the smiles and pretty talk; he answers by endeavour great in proportion as he is small. His nerve centres and brain power have been unduly taxed, some of the joy of living has been taken from him, and, though his baby response to direct education is very charming, he has less latent power left for the future calls of life.

Let us follow the little person to the Kindergarten, where he has the stimulus of class-mates of his own age. It certainly is stimulating. For ourselves, no society is so stimulating as that of a number of persons of our own age and standing; this is the great joy of college life; a wholesome joy for all young people for a limited time. But persons of twenty have, or should have, some command over their inhibitory centres. They should not permit the dissipation of nerve power caused by too much social stimulus; even persons of twenty are not always equal to the task of self-management in exciting circumstances. What is to be expected of persons of two, three, four, five? That the little person looks rather stolid than otherwise is no guarantee against excitement within. The clash and sparkle of our equals is stimulating for us now and then, but for everyday life the mixed society of elders, juniors and equals, which we get in a family, gives at the same time the most repose and the most room for individual development. Most of us have wondered at the good sense, reasonableness, fun and resourcefulness shewn by a child in his own home as compared with the same child in school life. Danger lurks in the Kindergarten, we believe, just in proportion to the completeness and beauty of its organisation. It is possible to supplement Nature so skilfully that we run some risk of supplanting her, depriving her of space and time to do her own work in her own way. "Go and see what Tommy is doing and tell him he must not," is not sound doctrine. Tommy should be free to do what he likes with his limbs and his mind through all the hours of the day when he is not sitting up nicely at meals. He should run and jump, leap and tumble, lie on his face watching a worm, or on his back watching the bees in a lime tree. Nature will look after him and give him promptings of desire *to know* many things, and somebody must tell as he wants to know;

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and *to do* many things, and somebody should be handy just to put him in the way; and *to be* many things, naughty and good, and somebody should give direction. Here we come to the real crux of the Kindergarten question. The busy mother says she has no leisure to be that somebody, the child will run wild and get into bad habits; but we must not make a fetish of habit; education is a life as well as a discipline. Health, strength, and agility, bright eyes and alert movements come of a free life out of doors if it may be; and as for habits, there is no habit or power so useful to man or woman as that of personal initiative. The resourcefulness which will enable a family of children to invent their own games and occupations through the length of a summer's day is worth more in after life than a good deal of knowledge about cubes and hexagons, and this comes, not of continual intervention on the mother's part, but of much masterly inactivity. The educational error of our day is that we believe too much in mediators. Now, nature is her own mediator, undertakes herself to find work for eyes and ears, taste and touch; she will prick the brain with problems and the heart with feelings, and the part of mother or teacher in the early years (indeed all through life) is to sow opportunities, and then to keep in the background, ready with a guiding or restraining hand only when these are badly wanted. Mothers shirk their work and put it, as they would say, into better hands than their own, because they do not recognise that wise letting alone is the most that is asked of them; seeing that every mother has in nature an all-sufficient handmaid, who sees to due work and due rest of mind, muscles and senses. /h/c

In one way the children of the poor have better chances than those of the rich. Poor children get education out of household ways; but there is a great deal of good teaching to be got out of a wisely-ordered nursery, and their own small persons and possessions should afford much "Kindergarten" training to the little family at home. At six or seven definite lessons should begin, and these need not be watered down or served with jam, for the acute intelligences that will in this way be brought to bear on them. But what of only children, or the child too old to play with her baby brother? Surely the Kindergarten is a great boon for these!



Perhaps so, but a cottage-child as a companion, or a lively young nursemaid, might be better. A child will have taught himself to paint, paste, cut paper, knit, weave, hammer and saw, make lovely things in clay and sand, build castles with his bricks; most likely, too, will have taught himself to read, write and do sums, besides acquiring no end of knowledge and notions about the world he lives in, by the time he is six or seven. What we contend for is that he shall do these things because he chooses, when he chooses, and how he chooses (provided that the standard of perfection in his small works be kept before him). The details of family living will give him the repose of an ordered life, but, for the rest, he should have more free-growing time than is possible in the most charming school. The fact that lessons look like play is no recommendation; they just want the freedom of play and the sense of his own ordering that belongs to play. Most of us have little enough experience in the ordering of our own lives, so it is well to make much of the years that can be given to children to gain this joyous experience.

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# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

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## WHAT DOES THE WAR MEAN TO US?

BY THE EDITOR.

Dear Madam,—I hope you will forgive me if I write in a spirit of criticism. For years I have belonged to the P.N.E.U. and have taken in the PARENTS' REVIEW, . . . but may I say that I have felt deeply disappointed in the September, October, and November numbers. We, and more than half the world, are going through the most terrible crisis, the most exhausting war that history has ever known. Most of us in England are giving or have given our dearest in what we know to be a noble cause. We all feel that we can trust our husbands, sons, and brothers to fight well in that cause. Our younger boys are, we trust, being educated to follow in their elders' footsteps, and are being taught in most schools about the causes, historical and moral, of this great crisis. It is also very necessary that our girls should be taught both the causes of the war and woman's duty to the nation.\* Why does the PARENTS' REVIEW remain almost absolutely silent? . . . Both parents, teachers, and young girls would be the better for good counsels, help and advice at this great time, and all classes need it. I notice that in the London Branch there will be two lectures given this month and next. Is that all that the P.N.E.U. are going to do, and does the PARENTS' REVIEW intend to remain purposely silent? . . .

Yours faithfully,

X.Y.Z.

LIKE the friends of Job, we sit dazed and silent in the presence of this vast calamity: and now the welcome assurance conveyed in the above (black-bordered) letter that words may be of some avail encourages me in a project I had formed to invite members of the P.N.E.U. to give us all the benefit of such thoughts upon the war as may occur to them from time to time in however fragmentary a form.

We hear the Divine demand "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" And we try, thinking more deeply than we have ever thought before: perhaps this great war is one of the signs

\*My detention in Germany until the end of September accounts for the late appearance of this article.



which we are called upon to interpret; we are aware that here are problems vital to us which each must think out for himself; we may not allow ourselves to come out of this awful experience the same manner of men and women that we were before the end of July last. The experience itself will not change us; no sort of experience necessarily changes a man; it is the thoughts which we think that have the power to make us other than we are; and we to whose lot it falls not to go to the front are called upon to help forward with our thoughts the purging purposes of the Great War.

Life, everybody's, every creature's, life, has for several decades been becoming increasingly precious to us; the thought of suffering is unendurable, we would away with discomfort, would fain make every man's life smooth, and so give him a chance, so we say, of a good life. Then suddenly, tremendously, upon this tender and delicate frame of the general mind, bursts an awful, brutal, overwhelming war, like the spring of a tiger on a child playing on the edge of the jungle. Consternation seizes us, we feel that we have lost centuries of progress, that we are plunged out of high civilisation into mediæval barbarism. By and by, like one who has been stunned, we open our eyes and everything looks new; not only our sons and brothers, but most of the people we know turn out to be heroes; (who could read without a thrill that tale of the small picket boat which deliberately ran into a mine in the Baltic to save the cruiser which was too close to be warned in any other way!) Mothers and wives are heroines all; everybody is generous, most persons are just; the Government steers us through the crisis with astonishing wisdom; cheerfulness and good temper prevail at the front; friends and allies rally round us; we are anxious but not afraid, because if there is not Peace upon earth, Hope, a radiant presence, is in our midst.

Somehow, our outlook has changed; we think less in terms of carnage, butchery, bloodshed, of wrecked homes and burning churches; war means more than these things; we perceive the heroism which is demanded of us and are prepared to give what war demands and to accept what shall come. We are in a new attitude of mind, and presently we begin to wonder whether war is entirely a carnal and devilish agent; half-forgotten words come back to us:—He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life . . . shall save it. What if our boasted civilisation were a sordid saving of our life, national and indi-

vidual, in order that we may lose it! What if war offer a spiritual revelation to us manifesting what things we really care for and enabling us to shake off the trammels of easy living?

Here is another new and surprising thing; in the piping times of peace we could easily make an ordered list of the things a man cares most for—himself, his own life, his wife and children, home and friends, his party and his church, and, a long way down in the list, his country; but war discovers him to himself, he is not only more than he knew, but different from anything that his theories will account for. Every man, Briton or German, Belgian or Japanese, has one supreme love compared with which nothing else counts—the love of his country. How it came to be there he doesn't know; we English abhor, and perhaps rightly, the sort of patriotism we call Chauvinism or Jingoism; all the same, that master passion has got into the make-up of all of us; we may intend the luke-warm tea of cosmopolitanism, but patriotism is there whether we will or no; "The Lord shall rehearse it when he writeth up the people that he was born there." A man begins a new life when he discovers that there is more in him than he has put there or than he at all wots of.

So far, our "Enemy" and we are on an equal footing for, "Hath not one God created us?" We may well believe that war is bringing him, too, spiritual revelations, and certainly we know that his patriotism is even more passionate than our own. But when we consider the CAUSE for which we fight, the Allies may surely thank God and take courage. We did not desire war; we made every honourable effort to avoid it, and when at last we declared war, it was not for national aggrandisement nor even for national defence, but purely for the recovery of the national rights of a lesser nation which had suffered most injurious treatment. Therefore, "God defend the Right" is the motto on every man's invisible shield; therefore, our men are gay in the trenches, invulnerable under attack, steadfast in honourable purpose never to lay down arms till the lamb shall lie down with the lion and the people of the most defenceless nation shall rest safe in the land, because, not only has a great nation, an alliance of great nations, been conquered, but because the demon of Militarism, "Moloch, horrid King, besmeared with blood," has been expelled from the councils of Europe.

So far, we have everything in our favour; a righteous cause and steadfast purpose, a noble pity and a worthy patriotism;

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but we must examine ourselves diligently from hour to hour lest by arrogance of ours, or by commercial greed, we give sanction to any hymn of hate, lest by any pusillanimity we raise false hopes that we shall yield at last, and, also, lest we fail to forgive our enemy. This most binding of Christian precepts is trying to tender consciences, especially to those of children, for how can we forgive the enemy whom it is our business to slaughter! Again, we must try to discern the signs of the times, but before we examine ourselves concerning the enemy it may be as well to ask, in the first place, what Divine forgiveness connotes; in our loose way of talking and thinking we assume that it means letting an offender off a due punishment; but if we look into our own lives we shall know that we have been forgiven a thousand times, are forgiven twenty times a day, but that the forgiveness we get is a state of mind, but never a relief from the natural punishment of our offence. Possibly we have no right in forgiving a child to let him off the deprivation due for his offence; anyway we ourselves are not let off, and in cases where we are used as instruments of chastisement our business is less with the acts which fall to our share inevitably than with the feelings we cherish, the things we allow ourselves to say; we must recognise that it is possible to forgive, yes, and pray for the offender whom we are under orders to punish.

In the next place, we must face the repellent idea of slaughter: many persons shrink from the Old Testament because of the chronicles of wholesale slaughter it contains, wrought by the will or by the hand of God. Wholesale slaughter continues, whether by battle, pestilence, fire or flood, but we seem to think that to call these things casualties alters the situation; let us believe that the God of Battles is with us; indeed, without such faith we should hardly have courage to go on; that White Knight who goes with the Russian army is, we believe, on our side too. But how are we to reconcile the presence of God with such blood-curdling ideas and practices as carnage, slaughter, and murderous attack? Is it possible that what appears to be the indiscriminate death of multitudes is now as it was in the Old Testament times, of no great matter in the sight of God, because man also is a *spirit*, and the change between here and hereafter is much less momentous than we suppose? That pain matters exceedingly we know by the records of the Life of Compassion; the poignancy of sorrow we know because Jesus wept; but perhaps

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we harrow our hearts more than is needful by regarding wholesale slaughter as an ultimate disaster to the fallen, and by taking the slain in the mass as it were, forgetting that the Divine dealings are with individuals even while they affect nations.

To return to the question of the Enemy and the Cause for which he takes the field. In the first place, Germany was the aggressor, and a war of aggression is on a different footing from a war of, shall we say, conservation. It is a war of aggrandisement sanctioned by the assumption that it is the will of God that Germany should be 'ueber Alles.' It is a war of ruthless depredation, excused as in the most ancient of all wars,—

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"So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds!"

It is a war of carefully stimulated hate, whereas we have so little ill-will to the foe that we are ready to acclaim generously any gallant deed of his, though we suffer by it. It is a war in which the people are fed upon a daily ration of lies, and the newspapers lend themselves to this odious and infamous service. That it is a war of 'atrocities,' of sacrilegious and inhuman procedure, goes without saying, once granted the points we have enumerated, and we wonder if the spiritual influences liberated by a righteous war can find place to play in a war which seems to us essentially unrighteous; but, "the thoughts of God are broader than the measures of man's mind!"

At this point we are met by the most puzzling of all the problems forced upon us by the war. We have all known and loved ~~many~~ Germans, many of us have delighted in Germany, have believed that we knew the country and the people through and through; and the horrid outbreak of hostilities during those ~~few summer~~ days came upon us with a shock that made the world seem an unfamiliar place, an unaccustomed planet! What are the antecedents of the transformation of a nation of friendly folk not only into enemies, but enemies whose thoughts and motives are repellent to us?

This is an enquiry of moment to us, not only as a matter of intellectual curiosity, but because such an enquiry may result in the setting up of a few 'danger' signals for ourselves. Where Germany has fallen, are we safe? ~~If~~ we read history we ~~are~~ aware that national and general world movements originate at somebody's desk, in somebody's brain. We English hate to think about anybody's thoughts; we are practical and believe

in the mind as



that philosophy is to be evaded, while our concern is with the things we have to do. But let us consider; a thinking man, one Mahomet, made a great empire and a great religion; a thinking solitary made the Crusades, a thinking monk made the Reformation; Diderot, Rousseau, a few thinking men, made the French Revolution; Fichte and a few others effected the restoration of Prussia; John Stuart Mill, and, later, Darwin, have governed English and influenced continental life and thought for generations. There is no getting rid of the philosophers, and their theories inform and guide us without intention on our part.

Now Germany has for ~~several~~ <sup>many</sup> decades been feeding at the breast of a new philosophy, the definitely and consistently anti-Christian philosophy of the *Uebermann*. We have contented ourselves with laughing a little at Nietzsche, sifting the wheat from the chaff, and perceiving, ~~anyway~~, that he was a genius, but like some other men of genius, rather mad; but Germany has greedily imbibed a philosophy acceptable to the natural man; every German finds in himself the right to dominate, to be the superman so far as in him lies, and this mental attitude has been rendered tolerable only by his natural friendliness and good nature. ~~But~~ Treitschke interprets and exceeds Nietzsche; he extends the doctrine of the superman to the supnation, and produces a philosophic scheme of thought and action the vital principle of which is, '*Deutschland ueber Alles*.' Now here is an outlet for all that is noble in the German character; a man may have some natural diffidence about pushing himself into a place in the sun, but his country, the beloved Fatherland, what shall be allowed to stand in her way? It may be true that a man shall not remove his neighbour's landmark, but a nation emphatically may and must ignore all boundaries that stand in the way of its progress. A military expert, General von Bernhardt,\* inspired by this new philosophy has written an ~~able~~ <sup>able</sup> treatise working up to the justification of "deliberately incurred wars," and ~~everyone~~ <sup>any</sup> who has not done so already should read a work ~~admirably~~ argued upon an untenable premiss and arriving at a fallacious but convincing conclusion. The Right to make War (without provocation) is argued in the first chapter. The Duty to make War, with the object of national expansion and domination, is the theme of the second. The chapter on Germany's Historical Mission is surprising and

\*Germany and the next War, by F. von Bernhardt (Arnold, 2/-).

illuminating! While that on The Army and popular Education should give us to think; here are a few sentences that we might do well to ponder:—"We must not therefore be content to educate up for the army a physically healthy set of young men by elevating the social conditions and the whole method of life of our people, but we must also endeavour to promote their spiritual development in every way. The military education aims at training the moral personality to independent thought and action, and at the same time rousing patriotic feelings among the men. Instruction in a sense of duty and in our national history thus takes a foremost place by the side of professional teaching. Great attention is given to educate each individual in logical reasoning and in the clear expression of his thoughts. . . . All other subjects which might raise heart and spirit and present to the young minds some high ideals—more especially our own country's history—are most shamefully neglected . . . and yet a truly religious and patriotic spirit is of inestimable value for life, and, above all, for the soldier. . . . The national school stands in total contradiction to this intellectual development."

The author's complaint is that education as pursued in Germany leads to a lack of initiative which is fatal to success in the army; but Germany, and we, following humbly in her wake, are laying ourselves out for a still more wooden education by which every youth is to be qualified for his future trade or profession and for nothing else. If the War should incline us from a technical and towards a humanistic education such as should secure that every young person has a fairly wide familiarity with history and literature and with the Bible, why, the loss both in money and the lives of men might be cheerfully paid, so vast would be our gain.

To understand Bernhardt one should go back to Professor Cramb's extraordinarily interesting *Germany and England*.<sup>\*</sup> What is Germany's mission as set forth by this soldier? It is strife: it is war. And the direction of that strife? It is the isolation of Russia by bribes; the destruction of the antagonistic force named France beyond the power of raising her head; and thereafter Germany will be face to face with the day of reckoning with England. 'The Hour', to which German officers of a Chauvinist tendency drink, will then have struck."

<sup>\*</sup>*Germany and England* (Arnold, 2/6).



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Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and Professor Cramb brings a strong indictment against us—Here, he says, is Germany, a great nation, with a great and complex history, a great literature, a great philosophy, a great and purposeful aim, and we concern ourselves hardly at all with her aims, with her past, with her present. This indifference of ours is intolerable to her. Have we forgotten the Holy Roman Empire? The instinct for empire is more ancient, more deeply rooted in Germany than in ourselves and—we stand in the way; therefore, "Germany has one enemy. One nation blocks the way. That nation is England".

Professor Cramb In a masterly and vivid sketch of some three or four centuries of German history, ~~the author~~ shows how hatred and contempt of England has been inwrought into every development, underlies every purpose, until Treitschke arrives (a late contemporary of Carlyle) and fills the biggest hall in Berlin with students, soldiers and diplomats, even the fashionable world, all come to be fired by his enthusiasm for history and informed by his theory of history—that is, his elucidation of the way in which God is working in history. To what end? Towards the magnification of Germany, in order that it shall become the great world Empire to make place for which war must be undertaken, forced on if necessary, and England must be got out of the way; an easy task, this, for her power and position are fortuitous and in no way deserved. All this is demonstrated in the brilliant essay on Treitschke; and, then, in natural sequence comes Bernhardi's apt prognostic of *Der Naechste Krieg*. No wonder that from his point of view the latter should laugh at our Peace societies and conferences! All sane persons desire Peace when a stronger desire does not intervene: but given a desire for power and possessions, and there is no room in the national mind to entertain the wish for Peace. It is not by crying Peace! Peace! that peace will be secured, but by removing the forces opposed to peace, if need be, by war. 9c

"I came not to send peace but a sword," is our Lord's word: and in this righteous and inevitable war perhaps we may believe that we are using the sword according to His will; for there are worse evils than war and bloodshed; and can a man die better than in his country's service, and is there any assuaging of a woman's sorrow equal to that of knowing that the beloved one has died a hero's death? We shall not ensue peace, any more than faith or love, by a direct and purposeful seeking, but, we 9c

may make for knowledge by a straight course; knowledge is power and brings some degree of safety, and perhaps our appalling insular ignorance is one of the wholesome revelations of the war.

We *must* read; we must know what other nations have done, are doing, living to accomplish, for two reasons; that we may give the encouragement of sympathy and that we may be aware of the trend of events; it is of little use for a man in a watch tower, a statesman here and there, to make danger signals. Absolutely nothing will save us from a crisis like the present but that the people should have a knowledge of philosophic history, that is, of history treated from a philosophic standpoint. Armed with such knowledge we should at any rate know the forces, idealistic and materialistic, with which we have to contend.

~~A book which we might read with advantage at the present juncture is *The Hapsburg Monarchy*\* which in four masterly chapters, or essays, gives us a key to the dual monarchy and to all the vexed questions with which its distracted government has to contend. We have long known, for example, that the Austro-Hungarian press is in the hands of the Jews, that Budapest is commonly known as Judah-Pesth, and that there is in fact an insidious power between the government and the people. Here we find the Jewish question sympathetically examined, and the potentiality of the German Jews for good and for evil adumbrated with scrupulous care.~~

~~But the list of subjects we should be acquainted with and of important books which we should read, to form a sound judgment concerning the several countries engaged in the war, is a long one; and to read a little well is better than to read much superficially, but of this I think we who are not at the front may be well assured, our duty is threefold: to work, to read and to pray; of the three work is of the least importance; we must read~~

~~\**The Hapsburg Monarchy*, by H. W. Steed (Constable, 7/6).~~

~~I should also like to mention as affording informing and suggestive reading, — *Pan-Germanism*, by R. C. Ussher (Constable, 2/-); *England and Germany* (Williams and Norgate, 1/-); and amongst innumerable pamphlets the following seem to me to be excellent: — *The Meaning of the War*, by Frederic Harrison, (Macmillan, 1d.); *Modern Germany and the Modern World*, by M. E. Sadler (Macmillan, 2d.); *Great Britain and the European Crisis* (Fisher Unwin, 1d.); *Why Britain is at War*, by Sir Edward Cook (Macmillan, 2d.); *Britain's Duty To-day*, by Edward Lyttelton, D.D., and *How the War Came About*, by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (both the Patriotic Publishing Co., 4d. each); *The Country's Call* (Patriotic Verse), edited by E. B. and M. Sargent (Macmillan, 2d.). For free distribution, *How the Great War Arose* (Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, 21, Abingdon Street, Westminster, S.W.)~~



and know. Nor must our reading be confined to the newspapers; perhaps only those who have for weeks been dependent upon the German press for news of the war can form a just conception of what we owe to the sincerity, integrity, profound but controlled patriotism of our English newspapers; nevertheless, what we need is not the ready made conclusions of the best of all possible newspapers, but raw material from which to draw our own.

One more point, almost the last I shall venture upon; let us beware of the enormous risks attending the *idée fixe*. People are delighted at the ease with which a new notion 'catches on', everybody runs about to impart it to everybody, and by-and-by life becomes a burden because of the innumerable fads about food and drink, physic, politics, and religion, which hinder our acquaintances from doing as others do. But when a single idea becomes a national obsession it is able to lead a nation, say ourselves, into such another "tragic and pathetic adventure" as that on which Germany is out upon at the moment. There is no safety for ourselves or for the children to come after us but in a liberal education which shall enable us to look broadly, magnanimously and patriotically at the subtle questions of national and international policy. The persons who have had such an education may not be able to go with the colours, but they cannot avoid influencing public opinion, and in the last resort the great decisions of a nation rest upon public opinion.

A final point; *Punch* had some verses ~~the other day~~ in which the Kaiser is made to assert "I simply believe what I choose." For two or three generations, the thought of Germany has been, not constructive, but critical; now criticism has in it something of the collector's mania, one point of attack leads to another, and that to another until there is an uneasy sense that there is little left to believe. The Germans are by nature a deeply religious people, but the time has come when the unspoken creed of many of them is "I believe what I choose." Hence certain utterances which strike us as blasphemous are received by an enthusiastic people as evidences of an exalted piety.

Are we in no danger from this cause? Has not the time come for us also when "Bible Study" means rather scholarly criticism of the text than a humble endeavour to interpret sayings so little obvious that the wisdom of the ages has as yet done little to elucidate their meaning? If and when this is the case, the war may be the means of opening our eyes; it was remarked in *The Times* ~~the other day~~ that the war has made us

a praying people; may it also send us once more to the Bible to find therein an inexhaustible philosophy of life fit for all our occasions, and that Tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations!

Thus we school ourselves and occupy ourselves as we must. We *read* that we may know; perhaps our reading is of the Thirty Years' War rather than the *Times'* History of the present war. Perhaps we go back to *The Persians* of Æschylus to find in Xerxes the true prototype of a War Lord of to-day, and in Salamis a prophecy of the event. Anyway, we concern ourselves (and our children) with great international movements and commanding personages. We *work* to do what service we can and to stem how we can the torrent of spiritual and carnal wickedness let out upon us by the war. We pray, how can we other, for our men in the field, that even there they may share that peace which passeth understanding, and that their sorrowing friends may be divinely comforted. But the poignant horror and sorrow of the war remain with us, and we can only say with Keble:—

"Only since our souls will shrink  
At the touch of natural grief,  
When our earthly loved ones sink,  
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;  
Patient hearts their pain to see,  
And Thy grace, to follow Thee."



## THE WAR AND THE CHILDREN.

By CHARLOTTE M. MASON.

~~Sir,~~ This is a time of searchings of heart for everybody, and especially for us who teach. Not that we think ourselves of much importance; we are diffident enough, Heaven knows; it is not we who are important, but the war, which is, among other things, a revealer of spiritual values, has opened our eyes to the enormous national trust we hold in ~~every~~ class-room. "What of the precious future of France?" was a question put lately by a writer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, and the reply was a discussion of the books read by French children. We, too, regard our ~~scholars~~, and consider "What of the future of England?" Each of us asks, humbly and dutifully "What wouldst Thou have me to do?"

Notwithstanding the overwhelming distress of nations, the outlook is hopeful and inspiring; more than life or death, want or fullness, pain or ease is the manner of men and women we are, and it seems to many of us that a wonderful thing has happened; reserves of human nature have been called to the front; people are more than we took them for; there is always a man ready to give his life for you or me; every one is generous; the four cardinal virtues seem to flourish on soil enriched by the blood of men. All this concerns us as schoolmasters (may the term include schoolmistresses?), chiefly because we shall come before our scholars ~~in the new year~~ with the sense that they are more than we used to think them; we shall look upon them not only with the reverence expressed in the old tag, but with respect for the enormous wealth of the human nature lodged in each of them. Then will follow the query, "Is what we are giving good enough?" and the further query, "What can we do to meet the demands of this great occasion?" By and by we shall perceive that a few problems are perplexing us all, and we may be sure that these same problems vex the boys and girls, *insouciant* as they seem. "Is the war right?" Here is a question that we can face with good courage, for never did nation wage a war more purely for righteousness' sake. "But

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is any war right?" At once we are in deep waters. We may not have the courage to say with Wordsworth—

Yea, Carnage is Thy daughter,

but we may say that the Prince of Peace ~~himself~~ announced that He came, not to send peace, but a sword; and so it has been—a sword, spiritual or material, has carved a way for every advance of the kingdom of God. "Yes, I know, martyrs and missionaries and things; but killing people is different," says our young interlocutor, and we are faced with the awful anti-thesis—carnage, heaps of the slain 6ft. high, and Christianity: we must have the courage of our convictions to bottom this quagmire of thought, and we shall come out on the other side with the triumphant certainty that flesh does not matter; it is the spirit that liveth, and all that the fallen men were they still are—brave souls and dutiful, loving, and wise. Even had they been living on a lower level than they might have kept, why perhaps this last splendid act of dying for love and pity and fair play, instead of being a calamity, is a promotion. For manifestly people do not leave off; all that makes a man what he is, his kindness or harshness, intelligence or dullness, his greed or liberality, are not of the flesh, but of the spirit, which cannot die, because there is nothing in spirit capable of dying; and our gallant soldiers who drop under the enemies' shells simply go on with a life, indestructible and very full. That they fall in crowds, in multitudes, on whichever side, need not dismay us, for God is our Father all the more evidently in these days of perplexity and distress, and He deals with His children one by one; we may be sure that of each of them who has done well it may be said,—

Then long eternity shall greet (his) bliss  
With an individual kiss,

and is it not a well-doing that they too enter the invisible gates with garments rolled in blood—~~whether it be, as we believe in our own case,~~ in order that righteousness and peace shall meet together, <sup>or fighting for the patriotic, if mistaken, idea that the</sup> "Fatherland" is called to rule the world?

So far we can, at any rate, grope our way, but if we have succeeded in getting into the confidence of our young persons we shall be bombarded with a further string of questions. Children are very much aware that they are standing at the source of great issues and they want to know, not what to think—perhaps we are not allowed to tell them that—but what principles



should guide their thoughts. We shall probably be asked next: "Then are we, the Allies, jolly well right about the war, and the other fellows all wrong?" Again we make our feeble attempt to justify the ways of God to men: we may say that history, whether in or out of the Bible, seems to show that God occasionally used peoples as instruments for each other's chastisement, that whom He loveth He chasteneth; and the nation which has been given over to cowardly indolence or the pursuit of prosperity, after it has been chastened is apt to say, I will arise and go to my Father, I will seek the things that belong to the mind, the heart, the spirit, not the mere creature comforts of the flesh. Prussia itself is a case in point; a hundred years ago, crushed by the Napoleonic wars, she was sunk in the Slough of Despond, but her teachers were not hidden from her sight; by the voices of history, poetry, philosophy, ethics, she was stimulated to a new and higher life, and entered upon that age of *Kultur*, upon whose glory she still, like the impoverished descendant of a great house, continues to plume herself.

"But, I say, don't we go in just as much for getting on and doing ourselves well as those fellows did?" Yes, indeed, and because of our sin we suffer; if we, who did not provoke the war, but went into it very unwillingly from motives of good faith, may regard the war as the act of God, yet we must understand that because we, too, have offended we also suffer. We are rather like a school prefect who has been implicated in a "row"; his business is to castigate, but he also feels the rod. The war has awakened the soul of the nation and given to most of us high ideals, but peace also has its ideals and vocations, and we must look for these, living as people for whom other men have died. We shall probably find that commercial greed clouds our national honour, and that we offend by an arrogance which is intolerable to other nations; who knows but that after this experience our schoolmasters may instruct us in that humility which is the sign-manual of the Christian character, a humility which is not relative, but absolute, which leads a man not to think mean things of himself as compared with So-and-so, but rather not to think of himself at all because there is so much that is more interesting to think about; that is, his humility is synonymous with simplicity.

"All the same," says he, "we may want a licking for some things, but we are not confounded asses like them; yet they think they're all right!" Our persis-

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tent young friend brings another difficult problem before us, but the war itself would be worth while if it induce us as a nation to face that problem. We acknowledge some restraint in our actions, even in our speech, but we believe we are all free to think what we choose, whereas the issues of life may hang upon our power of examining, and accepting or rejecting, that very initial notion with which our thoughts at the moment play:—"See that ye *enter* not into temptation," it has been said; and the law which requires us to examine notions that are presented to us obtains not only in morals and science, but in all matters intellectual and spiritual. We all know something of the genesis of the "swelled head" or megalomania which ails the enemy, whom we believe to be fine fellows all the same. We know how Nietzsche began it with his palatable doctrine of the Superman and how Treitschke glorified the individual superman with a fine patriotism as a member of the Superstate, *Deutschland über Alles*; and, again, how the Militarists blew up this bubble of popular opinion for their own ends.

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We Britons are not so easily puffed up, whether because of our common sense or our national phlegm, but let us remember that we too have gone mad; more than once delirious months have befallen us. Let us read "Peveril of the Peak" again, with the note on the infamous Colonel Blood in which we get the benefit of Scott's legal mind—and we shall understand the better what has happened in Germany. Now, the point I wish to make is that this sort of delirium is criminal, and the person, are affected by it is punishable for crime, whether it be the jealous lover who shoots his rival or the nation that makes aggressive war. We may not take notions into our heads because we choose or because other people have adopted them; neither may we "follow our lights"; we know how the prophets of old condemned the sinners who did that which was right in their own eyes; and this precisely is the claim of the moral anarchist; he does that which he thinks right. Probably no one fails to do what is right in his own eyes, because the natural action of our vaunted "reason" is to justify any notion, right or wrong, which we choose to accept, as well as all action which is the outcome of that notion. Every German can prove that he does well to be angry with England, that he has as much title to our belongings as we have; his arguments are so logical that we half agree with him until we recollect that our German friend should have begun by saying to himself, "Thou shalt not



covet." That clears the ground ; all the talk about a right to a place in the sun, a mission to educate and elevate the world, vanishes like a bubble that is pricked.

Perhaps the tremendous object lesson of a nation gone astray may help us to see that the end of education is the power to form a right judgment in all things ; that to think amiss is to do amiss ; that a regulated will instructed by conscience must determine the notions we receive ; because, once let a notion in and it behaves in its own way and brings about its proper results ; and because, again, we always have a moment of leisure in which to decide on the claims of a new notion before we let it in, but, once established in the seat of our understanding, very few of us are able to eject an idea even if we come to doubt its validity. We shall be no doubt bombarded with further knotty questions, but the consideration of even these few may give us a sort of objective in our educational work ; we shall realise more fully because of the war how much is included in a person ; and from this new point of view we shall see that the proper study of mankind is man ; that every neophyte wants some definite instruction about the behaviour of his own powers ; and that there is no short road to a right judgment. Schooldays must afford scope for the wide and ordered reading which should help towards just thinking.

Let me say a word as to a more obvious way of dealing with the situation. We are all desirous to help and are just a little envious of persons who find the right thing to do. Now the lady who has thought of telling for children the history of the war in "Gallant Deeds" has chanced on an exquisitely right thing to do. That we should have produced a breed of heroes, whose gallant deeds are unsurpassed if not unequalled in the whole of our proud annals, is not a negligible fact. Children should have their fill of the glory and beauty of it ; trust them to point the moral ; boys (and girls too) will realise that it is a great thing to be living in great times, that it would be indeed shameful to be either ignorant or unready for any heroic part that may come their way. But all this infallible doctrine of patriotism and heroism comes incidentally ; we are made so ; and when we fail it is because in our schooldays or after we have been taught amiss. We need not try to inflate young people with notions of the greatness of England ; our business will rather be to put in place of "high-falutin" talk clear concepts of duty and the zeal of service.

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I have ventured, as perhaps the *doyen* amongst acting teachers, to suggest a few of the principles which should guide us at this critical time ; other teachers will, no doubt, amplify and correct. As my apology, let me offer Wordsworth's happy lines :—

And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age  
In like removal, tranquil though severe,  
We are not so removed for utter loss . . . .  
But for some favour, suited to our need?  
What more than that the severing should confer  
That power to commune with the invisible world,  
And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,  
A clear sonorous voice.



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XVII

"WOMEN MUST WEEP."

BY CHARLOTTE M. MASON.

NEVER were we more aware of the "tears in things" than during these days of the war. Our sorrow is not always or necessarily selfish; those of us who, interned in Germany in ~~September last~~ <sup>year</sup>, saw train load after train load (every ~~half~~ hour) of splendid young Germans, hurrying to the front to be hurled as a battering ram against impregnable fortresses, felt the pity of it almost as much as if these had been our own men going to the front in our own cause. We seldom see the grave faces of a group in khaki without being aware of the opening of a sorrowful vista, and, if one of the men be disabled—?

Perhaps no one has escaped the writing of those notes of condolence, hard to write, because we cannot say what we feel and words are futile. We are indeed under a heavy cloud; most people have "someone at the front"; yet those whose very near and dear are always exposed to sudden death, go about cheerful; "that we may cheerfully perform those things which Thou wouldst have us to do," would seem to have become our national supplication; the men in the trenches are of good cheer; cockney wit and country humour play freely on things "frightful." We do not, at home or abroad, require to stimulate our courage or strengthen our fortitude with diurnal doses of HATE. We wonder indeed what keeps us going in the face of appalling calamity; is it that other countries—Belgium, Serbia, France, Russia—are more distressed than we? Hardly, because we do not institute comparisons before we arrive at our mood; also, because the same high cheer prevails in these more distressful countries. It would appear that there is

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a sort of resilience in human nature which calamity sets free. We are more than we know; the spirit is greater than the flesh, and we begin to comprehend that, from the Divine point of view, the war with all its horrors may not be too great a price to pay for the liberation of the spiritual forces in men, tied and bound as these have been by the chains of luxurious custom and materialistic thought.

*thought* We are prepared to wish each other and to take to ourselves a happy Christmas, <sup>the</sup> feeling that we in our small way are bearing the Cross of Christ and walking in His fellowship; also, that, as little children, we are being led from hour to hour; we are hardly aware of personal claims and desires and only want "to do our bit." In that respect, our men at the front are better off than the women they have left; notwithstanding the constant peril of death they live in, they have the satisfaction of *knowing* what to do; they are relieved of the distressing effort of decision; theirs but to do or die with a single mind.

*however* Women must weep, it is true; but there are alleviations. It is not a comfort to know that many mothers, sisters, wives, are in like case; but perhaps the poignancy of sorrow is a little relieved by the outgoing of sympathy with those others; it is good, too, to know that God is dealing with the world; our own aggressive individuality is in abeyance, and we believe that our men fight or fall under the leadership of the Captain of our Salvation. We dare not picture to ourselves the horrors of the war, and perhaps we need not do so; there are <sup>two</sup> chief alleviations for our distress, a lesser and a greater. The almost miraculous perfection to which surgery has been brought within the last few decades is a comfortable reflection for those who know that their dearest may be at any moment exposed to frightful injury—this is the lesser alleviation: the greater is a quite new realisation of the Communion of Saints. The barriers that separate us from the spiritual world appear to have fallen suddenly, like those walls of Jericho, and we find that the life everlasting is immediate, near, no way separated from the life that now is, save by that screen of flesh which is, alas, so easily and instantly removed. We, too, enter into the spiritual life and are one with those we have lost.

There is, too, the comfort of sympathy received; that sincere and poignant fellow feeling, of which we are so rarely capable, now goes out freely to the anxious and the bereaved. The comfort of service ranks high in the scale of our alleviations, and



there are few women who have not discovered some mode of service; we are all "emulously rapid in the race" whose goal is, to be of use. We are, in a word, living in the rarified air of high places; breathing is difficult, no doubt, but how stimulating is the atmosphere, how inspiring the prospect!

There is one profound alleviation which I have not yet touched upon, but to say a few feeble and ignorant words about which is the object of this paper. I speak of the steady support, the exquisite consolation, afforded by prayer. "When I am in trouble I will call upon God, and when my heart is vexed within me I will complain," is the cry of everyone, and I have no new thing to say about the incessant supplications to "the God who heareth prayer" which rise up day and night in strong accord from those who have given pledges to their country and from those who have nothing to give but their prayers; perhaps it may be that these prayers fall again upon the land in that strange peace of God which is able to keep our hearts even in seasons of war and conflict.

But we are sometimes a little troubled with the feeling that we know not what to pray for as we ought; that perhaps we are selfish in praying so much for our own, or insincere in offering supplications for others when all our love and our thoughts go to those who belong to us. Then we ask, Is it right to pray for victory? Is it right to pray for the dead? Not even our closet with closed doors—that closet we keep in our hearts—is secluded from perplexity and distress.

I venture to think that the Lord's Prayer reveals its sovereign virtue in times of perplexity and distress. We pray as those who have received authorization; there is no question as to whether our approach to God is rightly ordered, or whether we pray for those things we ought to pray for; and the sense that we are doing the appointed thing gives us a right of entry, as it were, to the Divine audience chamber. Then, how wonderfully and surprisingly the Prayer orders our desires, gives us a sense of proportion, teaches us to put the first things foremost in a way we should think insincere if the ordering of the petitions were our own, but which is the one means of allaying the restless hurrying to and fro of our thoughts and desires. Our experience is expressed in the words of Trench's fine sonnet:—

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence can prevail to make."

Long ago, Frederick Denison Maurice pointed out that the first

word of the Prayer is the most difficult and the most essential. Once we can pray "Our" comprehensively, and with "faith, affectionate and free," we are wafted into heavenly courts where prayer becomes our native speech, and we know that the answer to our prayers travels towards us from the moment the words are conceived in our hearts.

If the comprehensiveness of "our" gives ease to hearts overburdened by all the woes of all the world, what can we say of the repose of trust and tenderness, of the reverence and confidence, of the consciousness of a child's rights and a child's assurance, that come with the invocation "Father"? Comforted and enlarged by the two thoughts of universal brotherhood and universal Fatherhood, we are able to escape from the bonds of the self that circumscribes us, and to feel that as loving and dutiful children, our first concern is for the things that belong to our Father's honour, for indeed His glory includes our happiness; and our next concern is for the well-being of the brotherhood, for that includes our own and that of all whom we love. Having *prayed* these two words only, our souls are in quiet resting places and we are at leisure to spread abroad our affections and to send heavenward our aspirations.

Probably the praying of the Lord's Prayer should be a leisurely office, to which we should give our first waking *hour*: it can hardly be accomplished in less, and it is only as we unfold our desires at length in our closet that we are able to sum them up in a rapid survey when we repeat the same prayer during the church services.

"*Our Father*," we pray, regard, we beseech Thee, with Thy Fatherly tenderness and loving kindness our men, our soldiers and sailors,—and we let our imagination glance for a moment over trench, field, camp and hospital, sea and land, east and west: ~~on~~ those in command, and especially —; ~~on~~ the men of our allies, especially —; ~~on~~ the enemy (?), ~~on~~ doctors, nurses and chaplains serving with the forces; ~~on~~ the families and friends of our men; ~~on~~ the working men at home; ~~on~~ the King and his Council and ~~on~~ those of our Allies; ~~on~~ our own families and households, especially —; ~~on~~ our friends and fellow workers; ~~on~~ all who are suffering and sorrowing, especially —; and so on, until we have taken into the range of our prayer all who immediately or more remotely concern us at the present time, remembering that it is for all of these that we are about to



pray the Lord's Prayer, and that each separate petition begins with "Our Father."

"Which art in heaven"—"Grant that we (all) may in heart and mind thither ascend and with Thee continually dwell."

And now we come to the first petition, and that implies that we have thought, and have schooled ourselves into meekness; for what is our natural first cry? Is it not "Give"—relief or health, protection or prosperity, or whatever we or ours are most urgently in need of? The loving and dutiful child asks for the things he longs for, it is true, but his first thoughts are outgoings of love; to be with his Father is his joy, no matter what the two are doing or having. So we, as loving children, pray, "Hallowed be Thy name," the loving child's cry of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "That we (all of us) may love Thee with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind, with all our strength; that we may worship Thee and call upon Thee; and honour Thy holy name and Thy word, and serve Thee truly"; that God may be in all our thoughts, that our hearts and bodies may be kept in purity, so that we may be temples of the Holy Ghost.

When we pray "Thy Kingdom come" we are conscious of an uplift of heart, because we know by many signs that this is a time marked by the coming of the kingdom; everyone is better than he used to be, more generous and more gentle; people do not think of themselves, but of a great cause and of greater needs than theirs. "The men want God," is true of us at home, as well as of the men at the front. We sincerely want to be bidden; every man in the Service enjoys the "go," and he goeth; "come," and he cometh; do this, and he doeth it; which comes to one under authority. We are all proud of obedience and pray with good heart, "O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! Thy Kingdom come, O God, Thy reign, O Christ, begin! Let us hear the shout of a King in our midst, and 'compel' us to come in; raise up Thy power and come among us and with great might succour us; Thou who makest wars to cease and art wonderful amongst the kings of earth, who dost refrain the spirit of princes and peoples, shew Thy might upon the kings and peoples engaged in this war, and tune their hearts towards a righteous peace. O Lord God of hosts, go forth with our hosts! Remember O Lord that they are giving their lives for their friends, and in the cause of the helpless, and if it be Thy will, give the Allies a great victory in the

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cause of peace; but, victory or not, bring our every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ.'

"*Thy will be done*": We remember that the will of God is always good-will; that His will is our sanctification, that "our wills are ours to make them Thine," and we believe that if we could only know God's will we should do it; we perceive how, what seems to us an awful misconception of God's will has brought desolation and misery upon the world; perhaps we too may be stiff-necked and rebellious and blind to the will of God, so we pray,—"*Thy will, O God, be done.*" Thy will is expressed in Thy law of love, Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep Thy law! Lord, have mercy upon us and write Thy law in our hearts, we beseech Thee! Make us willing and obedient and able to say, our delight is to do Thy will; because we are so dull and ignorant, grant that we may both perceive and know those things which we ought to do and also may have grace and power cheerfully to perform the same; and, O Lord, be gracious to the suffering and the sorrowing and enable them, too, to embrace Thy will in love, and to say with Christ, 'I am content to do it, yea, Thy law is within my heart.'

Having prayed in some such sense we reach the later petitions, which appear to affect us more directly; with quiet minds; we are no longer in a state of restless urgency about our own affairs or those of our nearest and dearest. We perceive that 'our daily bread' includes whatever we need to satisfy soul and body, mind and heart. But while we think the matter over, certain sacred and familiar words come to our recollection, and we pray:—

"*Give us this day our daily bread*"; there is only one bread that can nourish and sustain us; Thou has said, I am the bread of life; give us, all of us, our portion of this bread to-day; send us not away empty lest we faint by the way; Thou didst come that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly; feed us with food convenient for us; feed our hearts with the bread of life that we may love Thee and love one another; nourish our minds that we may understand, and think sincerely; nourish our souls that we may know we are made for Thee and have no rest until we find Thee; Grant us the bread of our bodily life, especially —, and grant to each of us the things that we need most, especially —.

While we pray that our Father would give us those things that we need and desire, a sense of undeservingness comes upon



with us; we know that we must be not only sustained, but forgiven; that all the bounty of our Father cannot avail us while we are tied and bound by the chains of our sins; we remember our Saviour and pray:—

"*Forgive us our trespasses*": we have sinned against Thee in thought and word and deed; the remembrance of our sins is grievous unto us, the burden of them is intolerable; send Thy Holy Spirit to convince us of sin, because we forget and do not realise; create in us a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within us; Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us, for how can we exact our little debts when Thou dost forgive our great indebtedness. Give us such love that we cannot bear to offend Thee, and such love for one another that we cannot choose but forgive those who injure or annoy us:

Only one petition remains; having the freedom of the City of God, seeking the will of God, sustained by the bread of life, relieved from the bands of those sins that most easily beset us, one fear remains; will it last? we ask, or will the old temptations assail us; will a great gulf again be fixed between us and our Father? So we pray,—

"*Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil*": Save us all from those evil thoughts which assault and hurt the soul; save us from thoughts of pride and vain glory, of envy and hatred and malice, of jealousy and suspicion, from sudden anger, hatred and cruelty, from all thoughts of lust and uncleanness, from vindictive fury and murderous thoughts even of the enemy. Let no occasion lead our men in the field or us at home to forget Thee and fall into sin. Give us a child's trust in his father's care and deliver us all from those evils and calamities which we most fear; especially, save our men from disabling injuries; we ask all with the confidence children feel in a wise and loving father, for we know that "*Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen.*"

Should we thus labour in prayer during our first waking hour, and should a day of sweet serenity follow, perhaps we must be on our guard not to think that our personal happiness is the only answer to our prayer; according to our faith will it be done unto us, and we must believe that our feeble prayers will add appreciably to the impetus of the on-coming of the Kingdom of God. On the other hand, should our heart condemn us because our prayer has been cold and lifeless, God is greater

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than our heart and knoweth all things, and may discern that in our unworthy prayer which calls down the answer we desire.

I have ventured to sketch an amplification of the Lord's Prayer which may prove suggestive, though of course enlargements of the several petitions will be formulated according to the wishes of the person who prays. I do not suggest this particular effort in lieu of any prayers that may now be in use. There are times and subjects for private and public supplication, as well as the deeper communion of the Eucharist, which may not be replaced. But this is an additional effort to which I should like to invite the members of the P.N.E.U. in order that we may help a little in the world-movement heavenward; and also as offering one more, and the greatest, alleviation to the anxious and the sorrowful. "Women must weep" we know, but praying takes the place of weeping and prayer brings peace.

Madley